

THE COMIC

LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY.



THE WAY DANA IS ASSISTING HORACE GREELEY OVER THE WALL SURROUNDING THE
WHITE HOUSE.

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LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY.

Including all the "Recollections," Corrections, Deflections, Connections, Reflections, Objections, and Elections.

TOGETHER WITH WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT FARMING.

FROM VERDANT INFANCY TO A GREEN OLD AGE.

BY A PROFESSIONAL BIOGRAPHER

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for — No, no, that is not it. Horace Greeley was born in Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811. That's what we want.

Horace was young at an early period of his life, and his father, old Zaccheus, used to say of him, that, when he was subjected to the rod, he was the most "promising" child he ever knew; although, on account of a very bad memory, he was not half so good at keeping promises as he was at making them.

Horace was a frisky, good-natured child, and at the age of five could appreciate and take a joke quite as heartily as he could take a flogging.

He was an inquisitive child, and succeeded in reading everything within one hundred miles of where he lived before he was eight years of age.

Even at this early age he took to studying Franklin and practicing fancy penmanship by the light of pine knots. The reason of his using pine knots was because of the poverty of the country, which was so extreme that they could not raise cattle with fat enough to furnish candles, and so they "dipped" into knots.

Horace was a great lover of cows and calves in his boyhood and used to spend much of his time in experimenting with them. Hence much of his knowledge regarding farming, etc.

On one occasion he tried to improve the steering apparatus of one of his father's cows. Bossy didn't seem to see it in the same light as he did, and then the infantile philosopher attempted to show her how she could turn around in a shorter space than nature adapted her for.

Taking Bossy by the tail, he tried to show her how his new ideas were intended to work.

This, as before stated, the cow objected to, and in manifesting those objections, she turned upon the youthful Franklin and threw him into the top of an apple-tree. Here he found his philosophy at fault, as well as his eloquence, for, in spite of calling "Bossy, Bossy, there's a good Bossy," the cow refused to be pacified, and continued to keep watch and ward at the foot of that tree, so that there was but little hope of his getting down until milking-time. This, he says, is the first and only time he was ever "elevated," although he has been upon the horn of a dilemma several times.



Even at this tender age his genius manifested itself, and, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, he wrote a lecture to that cow, and dropped it down for her perusal. The effect was magical. That cow gazed

upon that letter, upon that elegant handwriting, and instantly became dizzy-headed, seeing which, young Horace slid down from his roost with the intention of making his escape.



But cowy was too smart for him, and, recovering from her confusion, she charged once more upon her tormentor, and they played hide-and-seek around the trunk of that tree until his father came to the rescue, and Horace was put to bed.

Time wore on, and, finding that he was wearing out more clothes than he could pay for as a farmer, he resolved on "striking out" and doing something for himself. He had grown to be a graceful man, and farming didn't agree with his kind of grace, so he resolved to meander into a more flowery walk of life. In the meantime, he had learned everything there was to be learned in his locality, and it was absolutely necessary that he should emigrate, or burst for want of more.

Hearing that printers became enormously rich in a few years, he resolved to become one; and, at the tender age of fifteen, he entered the office of the *Northern Spectator*, a weekly paper. Here he learned to set type, but made enemies of his fellows be-



HORACE GREELEY AS HE LANDED IN NEW YORK, DEAD-BROKE BUT FULL OF PLUCK.

cause he could not tell a lie, and would not drink whisky. These faults in a printing-office are not to be forgiven, and they took every opportunity to "go for" that New Hampshire Chinee.

This lasted for some time, and he bore their taunts and flings as best he could, until he got a chance to retaliate. After a while, his genius was appreciated, and he became assistant editor. Ha! ha! here was a chance for revenge! He wrote articles for that *Spectator*. He piled his genius into manuscript. Those printers who had tormented him so long, now had occasion to groan and sweat. That handwriting has since become famous, and the world knows how great a revenge he indulged in when he gave out his "copy" to his enemies, and informed them that they must set it or starve. In a quiet church-yard near by there are four head-stones. Under those stones reposes the dust of his enemies. They attempted to decipher that handwriting, and in doing so became hopeless, driveling idiots, and then they died. Thus do the

virtuous, the truthful, and the temperate flourish.

But country printing-offices soon became too circumscribed for his vaulting ambition. He had heard of New York, and he resolved to have a piece of it. He packed his valise and started overland for the Mecca. He came, he saw, he got the worst of it for a few years. He struck Printing-house Square, and it struck him, even at this tenderage, that it would be a good place to have statues erected for himself and the other Franklin.

But Horace was only human at this time, and naturally gave away just enough to find a lady who didn't object to becoming his wife. Years passed on, Horace was a family man, and, besides editing the *Log Cabin*, he also conducted his domestic cabin and enjoyed life quite as well as ordinary editors do who are temperate and virtuous.

About this time he had an attack of polities, and began to scratch about in the political field in quest of something that would distend his crop. He had tried his hand at

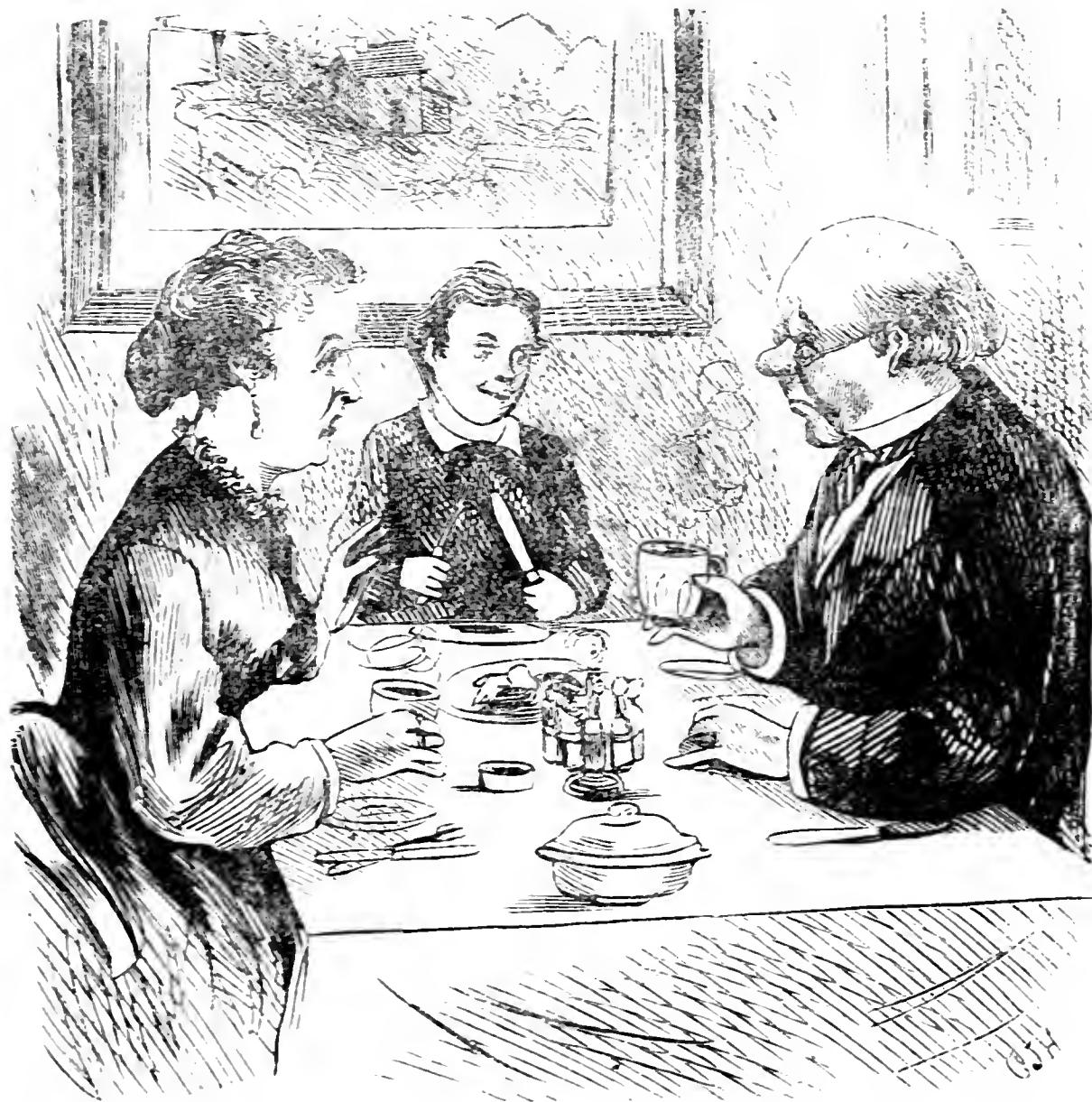
editing *The Morning Post*, *The Jeffersonian*, *New-Yorker*, *The Whig*, and other journals, and had now become so used to turning that he could adapt himself to almost any creed, and edit almost any kind of a paper. All this experience he concentrated, in 1841, upon the *New York Tribune*, and with it worked himself into fame and political greatness.

At the outset he began to pitch into everybody, like a boy with his first pop-gun. This showed genius, and as that was at a premium, he was taken in by Thurlow Weed and Wm. H. Seward, and together they started business. This was all very well; but as Weed and Seward got all its fruit and Greeley shook the bush, he began to see

that there was but little money in it, however much fun there might be. So he dissolved the copartnership, and started out on his celebrated *One-Term* principle, which he now wishes he hadn't advocated, and which fully illustrates the fact, "Curses, like young chickens, always come home to roost."

In 1848, Mr. Greeley was elected to Congress to fill the term of a man who had been called to fill a hole in the ground. Protection and One Term were the principal things that he had on the brain during his brief career, as one among the Solons at Washington.

However much the fact may be bemoaned by his friends and admirers, it cannot be denied that the old man got into bad com-



THE "LOG CABIN" AND THE DOMESTIC ONE HAPPY HORACE AS A FAMILY MAN.



HORACE GOES OUT TO AIR HIS SICKLY CHILD, "ONE TERM," AND BEING ONLY HUMAN HE WHEELS IT INTO THE PITFALL, PREPARED BY THE FATHER OF SIN.

pany while in Washington, and ever since then he has been full of political crotchetts and social demi-semiquavers of a startling nature.

Like Cincinnatus, he worked a farm and told what he knew about the business. It is believed, however good his intentions may have been, that he has ruined more young men, and old ones too, who have followed his advice than any other agricultural sage that ever lived.

At one time our filthy street-cars and dirty cushions attracted his attention, and he was caught one day by a conductor sowing some hay-seed over the seats with an idea of utilizing the large accumulation of dirt. This is vouched for by his friend Dana. We don't believe it.

Horace has been accused of being a Free-lover. He is nothing of the kind, any more than he is an office-seeker. He has even

fought against them; but at one time he was unfortunate enough to employ Mr. Dana on *The Tribune*, and it fell into many crooked ways thereby, and the good old man has had to shoulder another's sin, and he can't shake it off.

Mounted on his old horse, *Protection*, he even challenged Vic' Woodhull to a race over the Presidential course, when there wasn't the slightest chance of either winning. Don't this show boldness and opposition to Free Love and Woman's Rights,—don't it?

Well, little things like these didn't bother Horace much, and he continually sought a foeman worthy of his steel. Nobody appeared to please him for any length of time. He fought slavery until it brought on a war, and then, in sporting terms, he weakened, and advocated that we should

allow the South to go to the devil. This shows a good heart and a big head.

Then he attacked the New York Custom-house and intimated that there was fraud there. He called loudly for investigation; he awakened the elephant that he had been tickling, and before he was aware of it the animal had him in his trunk and demanded proof. Then he weakened again, and said he didn't know anything about it, that Whitelaw Reid was the man, which shows more of his good heart.

Dividing his time with everybody, he has always managed to keep busy all through life; and when he finds nothing to do, he goes hunting musk-rats. They cultivate

themselves exceedingly on his Westchester farm.

Again he lectures on poetry, protection, politics, or anything else that happens to come into his head. He is still proud of the penmanship which slew his enemies, as before stated, and practices it whenever he gets a chance. It is still his most potent weapon, and many a man who worked him harm now languishes in the insane-asylum or in his grave, from attempting to read the friendly letter which he sent him.

And he can talk learnedly. On one occasion, at a little dinner with some college professors, he let himself out on almost every subject under the sun, and completely



HORACE, WITH A VIEW OF UTILIZING THE LARGE ACCUMULATIONS OF DIRT IN OUR CITY RAILROAD CARS, PROCEEDS TO SOW THEM WITH HAY-SEED.



THE RACE FOR PUBLIC FAVOR, BETWEEN THE OLD ROAN "PROTECTION" AND V.C.'S MARE, "FREE LOVE."

confounded the learned doctors. This is proved by their conferring D. D. or something of that sort on him without leaving their seats, one of the quickest and most righteous verdicts ever given.

It has been hinted that Mr. Greeley is a Yankee, but Charley Dana says he is an Irishman by adoption, or that his grandfather was an Irishman, and that Horace waved all claim to America at his birth. This, if true, was probably done to catch the Irish vote.

It has been said that Mr. Greeley uses profane language, but a man who has been associated with him for the last forty years makes affidavit that he never heard him

swear in his life; and although the man is as deaf as a post, the most implicit confidence may be reposed in his truthfulness. But he says the good old man "rips out" once in a while, and where is the man who does not? Why, the cloth that they make at the present day is as rotten as paper, and this is another argument against Protection.

Not long ago he went industriously at work cultivating Gubernatorial cabbages for the Albany market; but, alas! they withered and came to naught. This does not show that Horace is not a good hoer; it simply shows that somebody else had better seed, and grew better and more salable cabbages.

Horace was mad as blazes when he got

defeated, and it is said that the language used by him as the election returns came in would have made a first-class Brett Harte poem. But he got bravely over it, and in a short time after he had an opportunity of giving a good piece of advice to a young fellow who, in fooling around the fish-stalls of Fulton Market, got his finger into the claw of a live lobster. The *gamin* cussed.

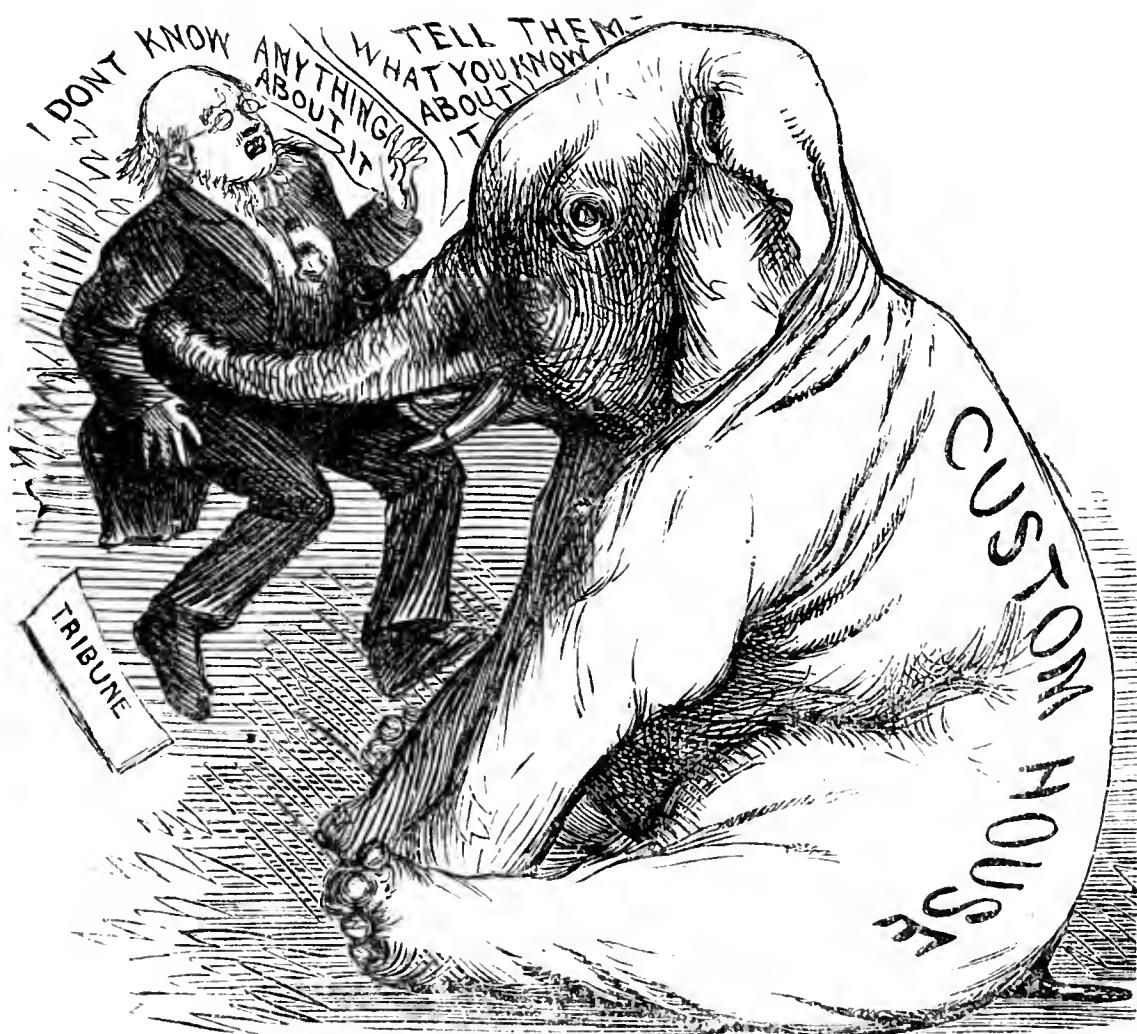
"Young man," said the great and good philosopher, "be careful of your language. You may become a great man some day; then think how it would sound if you could not help ripping out like that. *Go West.*"

One of his most precious tormentors is and has been Charles Dana. He is one man whom he cannot reach. He never

would attempt to read the letters he sent him, and whenever he wishes to hold the good man up to ridicule, he praises him and proposes him for some high office. He can't be bought off, coaxed off, or written off, and has kept up his joking until he has got the joke before the whole country.

Deeply immersed in politics, he shows that he is only human, after all, which should make us love him all the more. Reuben E. Fenton has been of nearly as much service to Mr. Greeley as Charles A. Dana has. Mr. Fenton got him to see things in the same light as he did; and if that won't make a man, what will?

He took him by the hand and led him boldly into the political waters, and now



HE STIRS UP THE CUSTOM-HOUSE ELEPHANT, AND COMES TO SORROW AND TRIBULATION.



BOOK-STORE SLANG.

Clerk (calling off his list just as one of the subjects enters).—LINE OF WASHINGTON—MOROCCO; LINCOLN—CLOTH; HORACE
 GREELY, HALF CALF.
 Fancy the "feelings" of the good old man.

that he has got him in beyond his depth, he is trying to learn him to swim. Isn't that good of Reuben?

Well, the half has not been told yet. The world may yet remember how he went in for the undermost dogs in the late fight with the New York Ring. How tenderly he took Oakey to his maternal and editorial bosom, and how he soothed his sorrows. Wasn't that good of him, and don't it show that he is entitled to the name of Great and Good?

That Ring was "busted," and Horace escaped by the actual goodness of his heart; and as no one had a better idea of his position than Mr. Dana had, he at once hoisted his name at the head of his paper as a candidate for the Presidency, and, although he shifted it once or twice for another, he still maintained his consistency.



HORACE GOETH A-GUNNING FOR MUSK-RATS.



HOW HORACE GOT HIS DEGREE OF D. D. (See text.)



HORACE ON HIS CHAPPAQUA FARM *a la CINCINNATUS.* HE HOETH AND NURSETH THE GUBERNATORIAL CABBAGE, BUT IT WITHERETH AWAY.



A SCENE IN FULTON MARKET. HORACE REBOVES A GAMIN, FOR SWEARING, WHO IS BEING NIPPED BY A LIVE LOBSTER.

But the political waters began to boil and bubble, and it was argued that General Grant must be beaten. Mr. Greeley asked Reuben if such was the programme, and, learning that it was, he at once turned his guns upon the Administration, and has poured in hot shot ever since.

Even politicians will talk, and presently they began to hint about a "bolt"—not a thunder-bolt, a thundering "split" from the *Regulars*. They whispered mysteriously among themselves, and those who had sore-heads joined in the Salve Movement.

Things worked like patent yeast. Long denunciations were indulged in. Charley Dana exhibited his sore toe and howled wildly against Grant. He went to Washington to impeach Secretary Robeson, and

came back by way of Philadelphia, where he was warmly received.

All this coming just before the proposed Convention at Cincinnati, had a certain influence. Schurz bellowed, and Sumner let on his *basso profundo*. Things worked, and so did the politicians.

About this time people began to look wise at each other, and strange whisperings were indulged in. Two men of great political influence and sagacity met one night upon the street.

"Sh!" said one of them, placing his finger upon his lips.

"Ah! what is it?" asked the other, in a whisper.

"It has been fixed!"

"What?"

"The candidate at Cincinnati!"

"No!"

"Fact!"

"Who?"

"Hush!—Horace Greeley!"

"Good for Dana."

And so the whole thing was settled.

In Philadelphia two more astute politicians met, by chance, of course. They were shad-bellies, yea, verily, and they were men of weight.

"Brother Hezekiah, the coming man has been agreed upon," said one.

"Verily, Brother Jonas, who is it?"

"Horace Greeley," was the reply.

"How came it about?"

"By cookery."

"Brother, I think we can swallow that cookery."

"Yea, verily, we can. Let us moisten our base matter."

And they vanished into a moistening-shop.

That Convention met. They resolved. They flung their banners on the outer wall. The mountain labored, and when the voting came, Horace Greeley was nominated "amid the wildest enthusiasm."

Like tallowed lightning flew the news all over this vast expanse of country. The Southern darky heard of it and was glad. The *cancan* which he kicked up was agile in the wildest extreme, and terribly loud in the breaking of human anatomy.

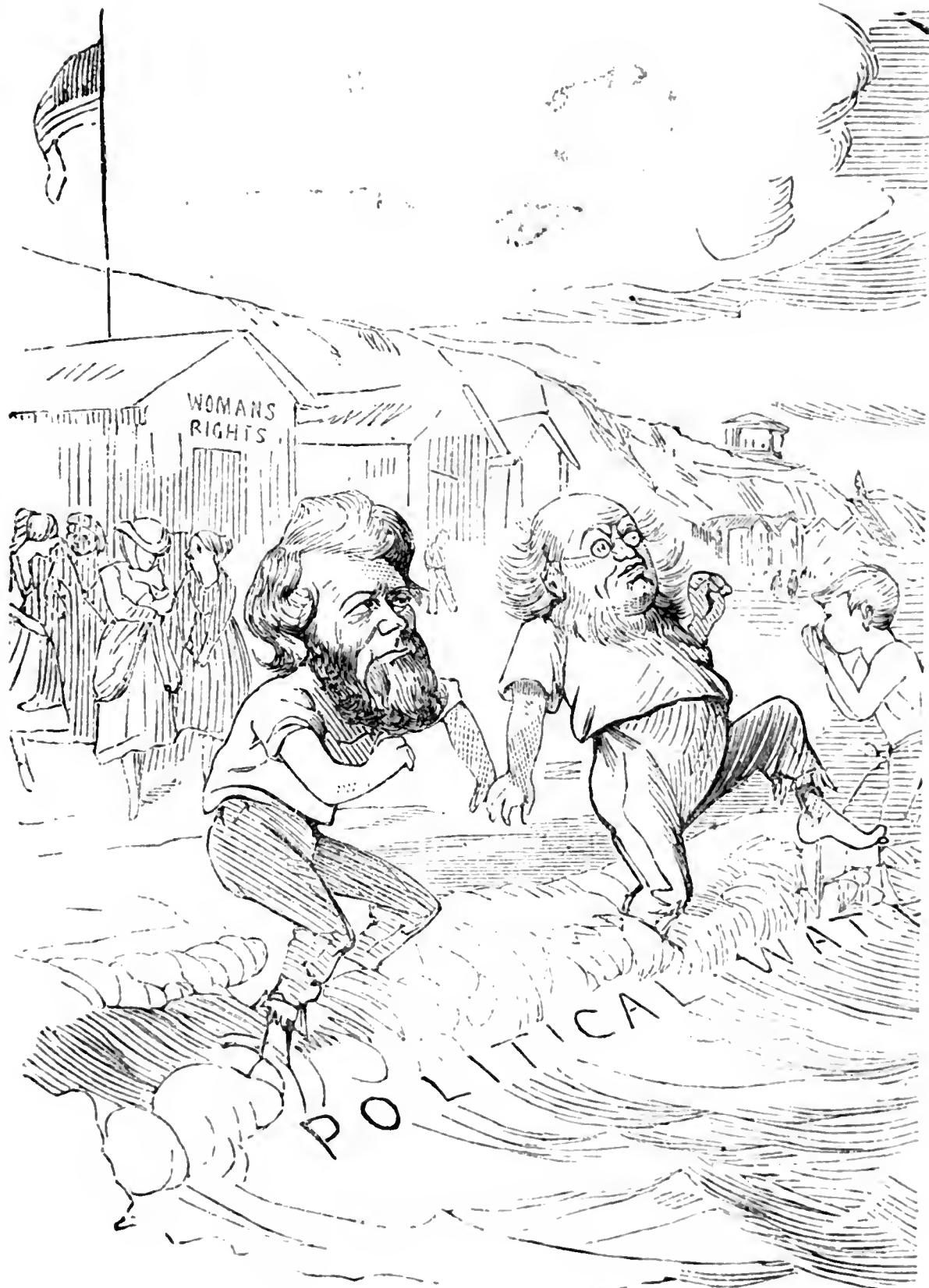
In New York city, the news of the nomination created the wildest excitement, and many people butted their brains out from pure sympathy.



Mr. G. (the great and good).—WHAT ARE YOU SMUTTING MY HOUSE IN THIS WAY FOR?
Mr. D.—BECAUSE I WANT THE HONOR OF WHITEWASHING IT AGAIN, BY-AND-BY.



SCENE IN THE SANCTUM OF A POLITICAL PAPER. THE GREAT AND GOOD MAN HARD AT WORK, SURROUNDED BY HIS SUBORDINATES. HORACE CLIPS THE "OPINIONS OF THE PRESS." REGARDING HIS NOMINATION.



UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF REUBEN FENTON, HE VENTURES INTO POLITICAL WATERS.
NOTE THE LOOK OF BOLDNESS AND CONFIDENCE WITH WHICH HE GOES IN.



MOTHER GREELEY AND HER "RING" PET.

"THERE, THERE, EAT SOME OF GRANNY'S GINGER-BREAD, AND DON'T CRY ANY MORE. THEY SHALL STOP CALLING HIM 'BAD BOY.'"

The first to hear the tidings was a little newsboy. He rushed out an extra, and darted into a street-car, yelling, at the top of his voice: "Ere's your extra *News*, got der nomination of Horace Greeley at Cincinnati."

The effect was such as might have resulted from a galvanic shocking-machine. Some leaped from their seats and sprang from the platform, while others indorsed the platform and went it blind.

It was a terrible day for Gotham, as well as for other portions of the country. Excitement became insane, and men stopped

upon the sidewalk to dance a breakdown. Others stood on their heads and shouted, "Hooray for Horace!" Men and women rushed into each other's arms and pockets, and, in fact, nobody but a few office-holders was there who did not yell with delight and call for a drink.

From Maine to California the good news ran—not the newsboy before spoken of—and everybody wheeled into line as it were. Louisiana manifested herself. The colored police of New Orleans felt that glory had come upon them, and they danced with exceeding great joy, while the thieves and



HORACE AMONG HIS PETS.

BE KIND ENOUGH TO NOTICE, IN THE ABOVE, THAT IT IS NOT HORACE'S HAND THAT IS UP TO HIS NOSE; HE WAS SIMPLY MADE TO OCCUPY SUCH A POSITION BEFORE THE WORLD. MORE PROOF OF HIS GOODNESS.



MEETING OF THE TWO MYSTERIOUS POLITICIANS, AND THE SECRET LET OUT REGARDING HOW THINGS WERE, "FIXED." THIS IS WITHOUT DOUBT THE "ONLY AND ORIGINAL JACOB" FIRST UNDERSTANDING THAT HORACE GREELEY WAS TO BE NOMINEE AT CINCINNATI. IF THERE IS ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED BEFORE THIS, WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THE PROOF OF IT.

rogues were allowed to enjoy a grand holiday.

The farmers in the country heard it with extreme hunkydorie. They did not kill the fatted calf, but they fatted him some more, and all took stock in Horace, the farmer of Chappaqua.

The nomination was a perfect godsend to a few picture-dealers who happened to have a lot of old wood-cut prints of Horace on hand. They took them to the country and sold them like hot cakes. One man, an enterprising but disrespectful cuss, actually sold a large quantity of pictures representing Owens as *Solon Shingle*, actually imposed upon the credulity and love of those country people by selling them this picture for a genuine one of Horace Greeley! The difference between them isn't much, to be ; but it's the cheat, and Mr. Owens was

as mad as a hornet when he learned what had been done.

One old man, who walked the earth with a speaking-trumpet attachment, was eagerly waiting to hear the news, hoping, yet doubting. He was out in the garden hoeing. He heard somebody shout in the road behind the wall where he stood.

"What is it? Who's nominated?" he yelled.

"Milk!" shouted the voice, which, being but imperfectly understood by the old man, he elevated his ear-trumpet to the top of the wall, shouting at the same time: "Here, in here; let me have it."

The milkman saw the large end of the trumpet just peering over the top, and supposing it to be a dish handed up to receive the milk, he turned about two quarts squarely into it, nearly drowning the old fellow, and



**TWO ASTUTE POLITICIANS OF PHILADELPHIA MEET TO INFORM EACH OTHER OF HOW
"THINGS" HAVE BEEN "COOKED" FOR THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.**



HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED DOWN SOUTH BY THE NEWLY-MADE VOTERS.

completely filling up any hollow places in his head.

Dana and the *Sun* came up boldly to the work he had started. He proved beyond a doubt that the grandfather of Horace Greeley was an Irishman, and drew a vivid picture of the emigrants as they contemplated the glorious field of labor for their future grandson.

Mr. Dana is undoubtedly just as much in earnest regarding his support of Mr. Greeley, as he was in advocating his nomination, and, if he still continues to triumph in the path chosen, will undoubtedly win the Democrats over to vote for Mr. Greeley, and thus purify the Republican party. This

is just what Mr. Dana has been trying to do ever since General Grant refused to give him a fat office. He is a very consistent man, is Mr. Dana.

The police of New York felt joyous, and forthwith, on hearing the news of the nomination, they visited all the basements upon their respective beats, and congratulated the pretty servant-girls who reigned therein.

Our artist has shown how the congratulations were extended to these belles of the kitchen, and it may safely be said that it has done much towards making the life of policemen pleasant. Many of those gallant men have been heard to say that they wished Horace could be nominated every day in



LOUISIANA WHEELS INTO LINE

THE NEGRO POLICE OF NEW ORLEANS HEAR OF THE NEWS OF THE NOMINATION, AND FORGET THE STERN REQUIREMENTS OF DUTY.

the week. The belles haven't been sounded on the subject yet.

Taken all in all, it was a great event. Even the traders marked down their goods, sanded their sugar, and made their customers happy on the strength of the probable election of the great and good Horace.

Horace was as busy as the devil in a gale of wind. He retired to his farm the moment he heard of the nomination, and began chopping wood, in imitation of Cincinnatus. Here his friends found him, and congratulated him. Here the artists found and

sketched him, at which the world smiled with evident pleasure. So did Horace.

His enemies say he did it for effect. But we all know how unlike him it is to do anything of the kind; he never masquerades. He simply felt it to be his duty to go out there to prevent being bored. So he chopped wood, drank cold water, and ate chicken pot-pie, all of which the reporters noted for the public eye.

In his letter of acceptance he comes boldly out and tells us what he intends to do. He is sanguine as to the result, and plants his



SCENE IN A NEW YORK STREET-CAR AS A NEWSBOY ANNOUNCES THE NOMINATION OF HORACE GREELEY.



AN OLD MAN, LISTENING FOR NEWS FROM THE CONVENTION, HOLDS HIS EAR-TRUMPET UP TO THE TOP OF THE GATE, AND RECEIVES, BY MISTAKE, THE CONTENTS OF A MILK-CAN.

programme. How touching is such political confidence!

“I will unite the extremes of politics; I will abandon all extremes of personal costume, and let my friends select my clothes and pay for them.

“England shall no longer bully us; but, pointing the finger of America to the pill made up of the Alabama claims, I will exclaim: *Down with it, Johnny!* and he will either swallow, or I will force it down his throat with a ramrod.

“I will promise that the *Tribune* shall support the administration in case I am elected; and, for the good of the growing West, I will print a cheap edition of “What

I Know About Farming,” and give a copy to every one who votes for me.”

“I will also protect the Pig-iron State; and as for my late and life-long antagonists, the Democrats, I will pay out plentifully from my fund of Sore-head Salve, that will work such wonderful cures in the “Liberal” ranks. I promise to make all the friends I can, and stop the paying of this confounded national debt, that is forcing so many people to work who are not in favor of it. The tax shall be removed from whisky, and Cincinnati hog-hides shall be protected.

“I will eschew swearing and tobacco, Free Love, and never call the members of the Union League narrow-minded block-



ACCORDING TO THE NEW YORK "SUN," HORACE GREENEY'S GRANDFATHER WAS AN IRISHMAN, AND THIS PICTURE IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THAT GRANDFATHER CONTEMPLATING EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.



ENDORsing THE NOMINATION.

THE POLICE OF NEW YORK CONGRATULATE THE "BELLES OF THE KITCHEN," WHO LIVE UPON THEIR BEATS, AND SAY WHAT A GREAT THING FOR THE COUNTRY IT WILL BE WHEN HONEST OLD HORACE IS ELECTED PRESIDENT.

heads again. I expect to be elected and to behave myself, and, while wishing peace and prosperity to the late members of the Tammany Ring, I will place none of them in my Cabinet, neither will I send Theodore Tilton to the Court of St. James.

"As for Tom Nast and those fellows who make fun of me in *Wild Oats*, I will have them punished to the full extent of the law. I will heap live charcoal on their heads, by

making these papers government organs. Finally, elect me and I am your man.

HORACE GREELEY."

The committee who received this letter of acceptance were sorely puzzled for a long time as to what it meant. They could not read it themselves, or find anybody who could do so, and as a last resort, the com-



EVEN THE GROCERS SANDED THEIR SUGAR, AND CHARGED LESS FOR IT, ON THE STRENGTH OF THE NOMINATION. SPRUCE-BEER AND SODA-WATER TOOK A BUOYANT TURN, AND GRAHAM BREAD ADVANCED OF ITS OWN ACCORD. MARROW-FAT SQUASHES ALSO CAME UP, WHILE LAST YEAR'S POTATOES CRIED TO BE BURIED.

mittee waited upon Mr. Greeley and got him to read it for them.

Of course he has been bothered to death with politicians, who wanted promises of 'future plums.' Several seedy ex-members of Tammany have tried to get a job of repeating, but the good old man gives them

all the cold shoulder, and informs them that he must be honestly elected, or not at all. What a rebuke to dishonesty!

The people are moved to the very centre. They have resolved to elect him in spite of all opposition, and not only that, but erect a monument to him in Printing-house Square.



THE WAY HORACE GREELEY PROPOSES TO DEAL WITH ENGLAND RELATIVE TO THE ALABAMA CLAIMS. THAT IS TO SAY, ACCORDING TO HIS LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE, HE SAYS THAT JOHNNY MUST EITHER SWALLOW THAT ALABAMA PILL, OR HE WILL FORCE IT DOWN HIS THROAT WITH A RAM-ROD. JOHNNY HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM YET, BUT IT IS CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED THAT HE WILL "SWALLOW" AND SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT



A SEEDY MEMBER OF THE TAMMANY RING APPLIES TO MR. GREELEY FOR A PLACE IN HIS CABINET. THE GOOD OLD MAN MILDLY ADVISES HIM TO "GO WEST," SQUAT ON A PIECE OF WILD LAND AND GROW UP WITH A CITY.

We have been favored with a view of the artist's design, and for the benefit of the world, we present an accurate sketch of it in this work.

Our task is nearly done. The great man with whom we have been dealing is in the hands of the American people, and they

consider it a great deal. So do we. We leave him about here. Guess this is a good place to stop. Long wave the white hairs of this Good Old Man, the Later Franklin, the next President!

* * * * *

The following note explains itself.



THE EXTREMES OF POLITICS THAT HORACE PROPOSES TO UNITE. IT MAY BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED THAT HE HAS GOT A HARD TASK TO PERFORM.

Friend Bricktop: I have just gone over the pages of my life, as written by you, as also the illustrations. I couldn't have done better myself. My * * * * * (here the writing could not be deciphered), splendid. When I am elected, I shall appoint you

minister to Timbuctoo and keep you there as long as possible.

Yours truly,

HORACE GRICELEY.



THE PROPOSED STATUE TO HORACE GREELEY IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW YORK.